Staying no longer queſtion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies ſpur was cold,
Of Hot-ſpurre, Cold-ſpurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
Earle Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*
Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe, *ton.*
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say Mourton, didſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt maske,
To fright our partie.
Earle How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpirritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou wouldſt ſay, Your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and yo
But for my Lord your ſonne:
Earle Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suſpition
He that but feares the thing hee wo
Hath by inſtinct, knowledge from
That what he feard is chanced: yet
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination li
And I will take it as a ſweete diſgrac
And make thee rich for doing me
Mour. You are too great to be
Your ſpirite is too true, your feares t
Earle Yet for all this, ſay not tha
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine e
Thou ſhakſt thy head, and holdſt i
To ſpeake a truth: if he be ſlaine,
The tongne offends not that repo
And he doth ſinne that doth belie
Not he which ſaies the dead is not a
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome
Hath but a looſing office, and his t
Sounds euer after as a ſullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing fr
Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lor
Mour. I am ſory I ſhould force
That which I would to God I had
But theſe mine eies ſaw him in blo
Rendring faint quittance, wearied,
To Harry Monmouth, whoſe ſwi
The neuer daunted Percy to the e
From whence with life he neuer m
In few his death, whoſe ſpirite lent
Euen to the dulleſt peaſant in his c
Being bruted once, tooke fire and
From the beſt temperd courage in
For from his mettal was his party

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